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Songbirds have started chorusing the coming of spring. At least 30 more days of winter remain in the Shortgrass Country. The blabber-beaked set may find themselves frozen to their perches.

Birds have become heady from their victories. Support by the Audubons and environmental groups has turned the meekest robins into haughty show-offs. Many more years of bird superiority, and sparrows will be nesting under the eaves of the White House.

Blackbirds in Kentucky and Tennessee won a stay of execution from the U.S. Court of Appeals last month. Twelve million blackbirds were roosting on U. S. Army property. Temporary injunctions blocked the service from protecting itself.

Generals don't ride around in open touring cars as they once did, but you can imagine the low that jeep jockeys reached because of birds. Tank drivers, I suppose, could avoid direct contact, yet 12 million blackbirds could make a hard track difficult to steer.

The Army must be in bad graces to be second rate to the blackbirds. Judges are sure changing from the days when soldiers were called defenders of liberty and peace. I would have guessed that the courts would have granted mercy to nearly anyone who had to contend with a roosting problem of 12 million birds. Communists and traitors don't deserve that fate.

Nature lovers, as you know, have grown in importance. I read of a lady in Canada whose devotion to animal kind was so strong that she loved pollywogs and wasps. In the interview, she admitted that the only member of the family who had to have meat was her dog. She said the dog learned to eat hamburger before he was old enough to know better.

The story made a good point in favor of her society keeping mean kids from shooting song birds and such like. I was mighty touched by the whole thing until, toward the end of the article, she said that her crusade was being financed by her husband's timber business.

Joyce Kilmer, you know, made a long lasting case for the beauty of trees. Squirrels and other small animals as well as birds find the woodlands to be awfully handy as their homes. Sawing up 2-by-4s to make pre-fabs doesn't justify despoiling nature. If the old gal was serious in her cause, she shouldn't have touched the timber money. I guess she started doing it before she knew any better.

Eagles are back feasting on the lamb and kid crops. The best lawyers in Washington couldn't talk an airplane driver into attacking them. Laws are so strict against aerial hunting that everybody is afraid to hunt them.

I know what the country is coming to. City-bound citizens are going to have to invent substations where they can be fed through their veins. Hollow-headed easy-crys are going to cause legislators to become so enchanted with protecting nature that granaries and feedlots, along with ranches and farms, are going to grow up in a jungle that'll make the Big Thicket look like an airstrip.

The Army will ship the blackbirds. Our military history is too great to go down because of birds roosting. Sheep ranchers, though, had better look for the word.